

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY. SIXPENCE.



The Queen.

Princess Victoria.

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORING-SHIP "DISCOVERY" AT COWES, AUGUST 5: SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM PRESENTING CAPTAIN SCOTT TO HIS MAJESTY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A long time ago I suggested in this page an interchange of schoolboys between England and America, so that the youth of each country might be habituated to the ideas of both. Thrown into the air with careless freedom, this suggestion has at last been absorbed by Mr. Choate, who introduced it into a recent address. I claim no patent. A modest inventor is always pleased to see his idea handed round for admiring inspection, with an Ambassador's card attached to it. A striking illustration of the original things an English schoolboy would learn in the United States is furnished by Mr. Samuel Moffett, of the *New York Journal*. Mr. Moffett has written an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "American Feeling towards England," and he does me the honour of showing what this feeling is with regard to a proposition of my own. This distinction becomes embarrassing. The Ambassador overwhelms me by borrowing my little plan for promoting the Anglo-American understanding, and the "chief editorial writer of the *New York Journal*" singles out one of my arguments about the Boer War for special reprobation. After this, anything may happen. That uncommunicative person, the Grand Lama of Tibet, may admit me to his gracious notice. Heaven grant that I may not be puffed up!

"One English writer," remarks Mr. Moffett, "has said: 'Let me ask my American reader what he supposes would happen to Mexico if that Republic possessed rich goldfields, a system of government like Mr. Kruger's, and a numerically dominant body of American Outlanders, whose capital and industry had made the wealth of the country?'" I am the blushing culprit who wrote that. And what is the answer? "The American Outlanders in Mexico under such conditions would take care of themselves," as the Outlanders did in Texas, when they overthrew the Mexican Government, set up a Republic of their own, and eventually obtained admission to the Union. And suppose the Americans in Mexico were not strong enough? "Oppressed majorities unable or afraid to take care of themselves get very little sympathy from us." So if the Mexicans were as vigorous and stubborn as the Boers, and refused all redress to the Outlanders, the United States would hold contemptuously aloof, and not a single filibuster would cross the frontier. Dear me! I hear the English schoolboy, sitting at the feet of Mr. Moffett, utter something not unlike a hilarious screech. When the Cubans were unable to throw off the Spanish yoke, why did the United States interfere? "We are the Paramount Power in the Western Hemisphere," says Mr. Moffett grandly. Very well; but if the paramountcy was exercised for the benefit of the Cubans, why ask us to believe that it would have scorned to help the Americans in Mexico?

So simple is Mr. Moffett that he rebukes us in the name of "moral sense." The "moral sense" of the *Journal* would not have been offended by a successful revolution at Johannesburg; but it is offended when the Paramount Power in South Africa defends British territory against aggression, and makes an example of the aggressors. That meek and benevolent bird, the American Eagle, would not have sired a feather in a similar case; but he does not mind taking a year or two to conquer the Filipinos. Mr. Moffett says that American "moral sense" is grieved by our exultation at successes over a "tiny" foe. I seem to remember that the victory at Manila, where the Spanish war-ships were mere targets, and the American war-ships sustained no damage whatever, was celebrated in America by rather extravagant rejoicings; and that Lieutenant Hobson's reputation perished in the ridicule of his kissing tour. In fine, Mr. Moffett's exercises on this subject are not happily inspired; but it is fair to note that he writes of us in no hostile spirit, and that his "moral sense," though eccentric, does not imitate that wondrous "ethical teaching," which describes the Boer policy of murdering natives who give information to the British troops as a policy of justifiable "executions."

When the American schoolboy comes over, he will have no lack of diversion. Mr. Henniker Heaton will take him in hand and tell him quaint yarns of the Post Office. There is nothing so funny as that institution—even in China. Mr. Heaton gives an extract from the "Post Office Guide," dealing with telephone regulations. It is apparently designed to prevent misunderstanding of the "principal sibilant sounds," and proposes a method of "identifying them by analogy." Here is the method: "C for cinder, S for sample, Z for zero, J for January, A for America, R for Robert, D for December, I for Ireland, N for November, E for Edward." This is not lucid, and I venture to suggest that the following arrangement of capital letters would serve the purpose, whatever that may be, with more coherence—

P is for Postmaster, heedless of blame,  
Q is the Query to put him to shame,  
R is the Riddle he sets you to guess,  
S is the Stupor you have to confess.  
T is the Taunt that you fling at his head,  
U is the Uction he offers instead.  
V is the Victor, so cool and urbane,  
W—Wrath that you splutter in vain.

Mr. Asquith has been complaining of the degeneracy of English prose. He attributes it to the terminology of the man of science, the nebulous phraseology of the philosopher, and the "slipshod slapdash" manner of the "new" journalist. Are there no other offenders? How many politicians can speak or write with the clearness, simplicity, ease, and grace that Mr. Asquith justly extols? Let the Parliamentary reports bear witness; likewise the magazines and reviews. "True ease in writing comes by art, not chance," said a great authority. Take up any half-crown review, and consider how much "art" has been employed in the bald, involved sentences that expound, let us say, the administrative wisdom of a Government office. Some of the Government offices are rich in literary men; but they do not write State papers—or, if they do, they write in the departmental style. Mr. Asquith has great faith in the study of Greek. I should not be surprised to learn that a Greek scholar wrote the "Post Office Guide." If the accomplished Grecian could always write exquisite English, then Ben Jonson would be a greater writer than Shakspeare, and Bacon's style would show a nearer affinity to "Hamlet" than is disclosed by the "cryptogram" which announces that he was the "legitimate son" of Queen Elizabeth.

Even the best practitioners of the colloquial style do not always avoid its perils. We have lately had a poem, of which the moral is that England is receiving a "phenomenal lesson." "Phenomenal," in the sense of striking, startling, out of the common, is a vile word, which does not help to engrave the lesson on the mind. Nor is it helpful to write of "a jolly good lesson" that "serves us jolly well right." Lessons of that kind are made trivial, not impressive, by the vocabulary of the schoolboy. Mr. H. G. Wells anticipates that in the year 2000 the average mechanic will not tolerate "slipshod slapdash" in his newspaper. He will have had the thorough scientific education that Mr. Wells expects to become universal, because the industrial fabric cannot be sustained without it. The average mechanic will not tolerate "phenomenal" as an adjective of wonder, and he will not encourage poets to employ "jolly" by way of emphatic warning. I gather also that he will have small taste for gossip, but will demand "penetrating comment." It is an attractive speculation, but I cannot feel sure that in the year 2000 the "Post Office Guide" will be penetrating, or that lambent humour will play through Blue Books. I question even whether such incredible sparkle is desirable in the oracles of official mysteries. For the official mind will always have its mysteries: it has no other reason of being.

I wonder whether the English schoolboy would like to vary Mr. Choate's idea (see how carelessly I resign glory to another!) by going to Tehuantepec. Mrs. Tweedie gives a pleasant account in the *Fortnightly Review* of that quarter of Mexico. She found the people busily rolling the tobacco leaf, and noticed an urchin, three years old, puffing most professionally at a full-sized cigar. When she expressed astonishment, there was a cry, "Oh, he smokes three or four a day!" It reminds me of the "Bab Ballad" of the "enfeebled old dotard of five," only that the Mexican three-year-old showed no sign of decrepitude. When the English schoolboy is exchanged by the advice of Mr. Choate, I hope that Mexican boy will come straight to London, that I may agitate for his appointment as technical adviser to the tobacco committee of my club. He would be worth his weight in tobacco every day to all the clubs in Pall Mall. I can see him strolling into the smoking-room, and offering his cigars to all the seasoned veterans who inhabit that sanctum, and telling them in a piping voice something in the vernacular of Tehuantepec, which is translated by a linguist thus: "He says you will find these cigars jolly good." The seasoned veterans smoke for a little while, and then there is a deep and earnest chorus, "By Jove, he's right!" And with one accord they swoop on the cases of club cigars, throw them out of the window, and dance around the infant tobacco-nist with whoops of joy.

"Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly," sang a poet in a bygone generation. Even this laudable passion has its caprice, for your lover of Piccadilly shows his constancy by clinging to the northern pavement. Rarely do you see him sauntering in the shade of the trees on the southern side, which is patronised chiefly by the owners of the cab-stand, and the unfashionable wayfarers who rest awhile on the public benches. But now that it is proposed to widen Piccadilly by encroachment on the Green Park, you may observe the superior pedestrian measuring the southern pavement with a calculating eye. Why not reduce this pavement by ten feet or so? Why not remove it altogether, and let the citizen who has a strange preference for that side of Piccadilly haunt the gravel path inside the Park? The *Times* says the congestion of traffic is due to the narrowness of Berkeley Street, and hints that the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Lansdowne might widen that thoroughfare by cutting slices off their own property. The Duke, I am sure, will go still further, and pull down Devonshire House because it is so unsightly.

## THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

The news of the death of the Empress Frederick, which took place at Friedrichshof at a quarter past six on the evening of Aug. 5, reached her brother, the King of England, at Cowes, soon after seven. To him the death of the sister who had been his own special companion and playmate in infancy naturally constitutes a breach even greater than that of the passing away of his brother, the Duke of Coburg, or his younger sister, Princess Alice, "so good, so kind, so clever," to use his own description of her.

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, born Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, and destined to become by her marriage Empress Frederick of Germany and Queen of Prussia, was baptised in Buckingham Palace on Feb. 10, 1841, when she was nearly three months old. She was full of life and frolic as a child, and; at the time of her confirmation, Princess Mary of Cambridge wrote of her: "The Princess Royal is my pet, because she is remarkably clever." Her public career began early with a visit to the Coal Exchange on the occasion of its opening—a day, her father told her, she must always look back upon as one of the happiest of her life. Severe were some of the tests sometimes applied to the tastes of youth; but at the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851 even a girl of eleven might easily find herself really amused. A grand ball and other festivities marked her coming out; and the famous State visit of the Emperor Napoleon, with the Empress Eugénie, to Windsor gave her the opportunity of a good deal of intercourse with the ruler against whom her husband of the future was to be ranged in tremendous combat and to overthrow. Her ability and force of character struck the Emperor and Empress then, and after. The marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in 1858, and thenceforth Prince Frederick William was a popular hero in England—his handsome figure, in white uniform, the most applauded of all in the Victoria Jubilee Procession of 1887, and his death closing a too brief reign, one of the most heartfelt tragedies in the recent history of two peoples. The departure to the Continent took place on Feb. 2.

The Princess, arrived in Germany, read her favourite authors—most of them of the stiffer sort, for she was the metaphysician of the family. She was also that excellent housewife which is the German ideal, even in palaces. When she was caught investigating the contents of a store-cupboard by a prim attendant who thought she might be more loftily employed, the Empress's justification was complete—"Mamma does it." She was an early riser, a bold rider, something of a painter, a fair musician, a good gardener—the Horticultural College for Women at Swanley had her for its patron—and an expert in the management of stables. As a mother she was paramount in her devotion to duty. Endless are the nursery tales told of her and her eight children to illustrate it. In 1898 all Germany kept with gratitude, and with such rejoicing as was possible in presence of a still mourning widow, the fortieth anniversary of the entry of the Empress into Berlin by the side of her splendid husband—the husband who then reported that everybody was enchanted with his wife. The Emperor, with the Empress, offered congratulations to his mother betimes at nine in the morning, an early hour according to English reckoning; and the municipality of Berlin approached her with an address written by Professor Virchow: "Berlin congratulates itself on the return of the day on which your Majesty, as the young Consort of the Prince Frederick William, who was already the darling of the nation, entered its gates. The days that awaited you, illustrious lady, were not always days of unmingled happiness. Your Majesty has had to suffer bitter sorrow, but nothing has been able to prevent you from indefatigably assisting in the furtherance of the intellectual and material welfare of the people." These words were no idle phrase. The great zeal with which the Empress Frederick had cared for the soldiers and their belongings during the Franco-German War she bestowed equally in times of peace on educational schemes and systems and on the advancement of medicine and surgery, and their application, in hospitals, to the needs of the non-wealthy classes. Even the jealous Bismarck described her as "one of the three cleverest women he ever met." Her love for England remained; and for Scotland, too, she had a great affection. "She is very fond of Scotland," wrote Archbishop Benson, after a visit to her, "and talked of it with tears in her eyes, and of the hills and lochs." Nor will anyone marvel at this who remembers Queen Victoria's "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," with its allusions to the frolics of the childish "Vicky." The German Emperor and her other children were with her at the end; and the German nation, by the mouth of its Press, has paid to her, no less admiringly than the Press of her native land, the tribute due to one who, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, and Empress, was a pattern of devotion to duty, and of all womanly virtue.

The Portrait Group of the Empress Frederick and her children in this issue is by Voigt, of Homburg, and that of the Empress with Queen Victoria at the Palais Edinburg, by Gunn and Stuart, of Richmond.





THE KING AT COWES: THE ARRIVAL OF THE YACHT "OSBORNE" WITH HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.

THE OFFICIAL STARTER  
TO THE  
JOCKEY CLUB



THE PADDOCK FRUIT STALL  
A GREAT SUCCESS



LUNCHEON  
UNDER  
THE TREES



A SKETCH  
IN THE PADDOCK

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



THE CROWN PRINCESS FREDERICK AND HER ELDEST SON,  
THE PRESENT KAISER.



THE CROWN PRINCESS FREDERICK AND HER CHILDREN,  
THE PRESENT KAISER AND PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.



THE CROWN PRINCESS FREDERICK AT THE GERMAN IMPERIAL MANŒUVRES, 1883.

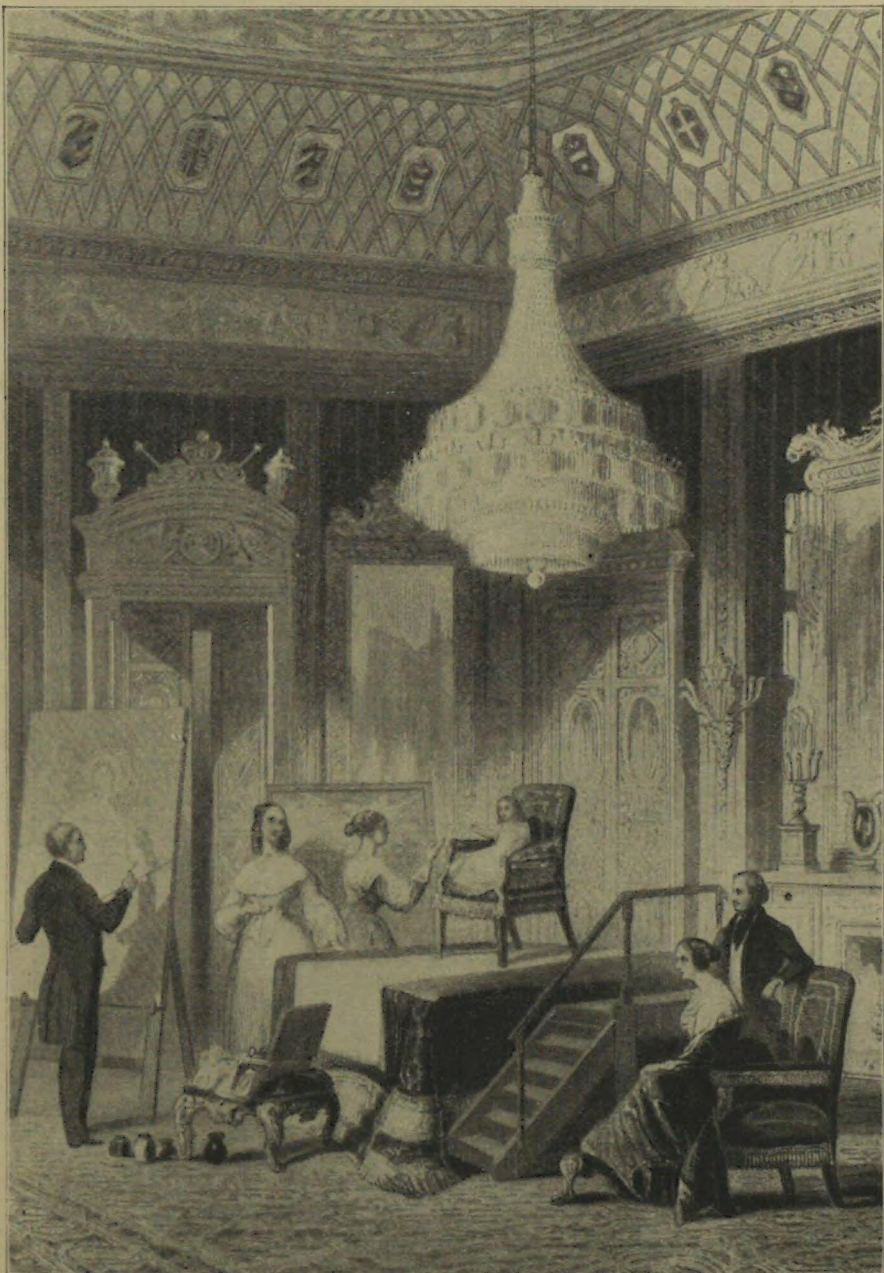
# THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL: RECEPTION BY THE PRINCESSES OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD AT BERLIN, FEBRUARY 1858.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL SITTING FOR HER PORTRAIT TO WINTERHALTER AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1842.



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK IN THE THIERGARTEN, BERLIN.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF  
KING HUMBERT'S DEATH.

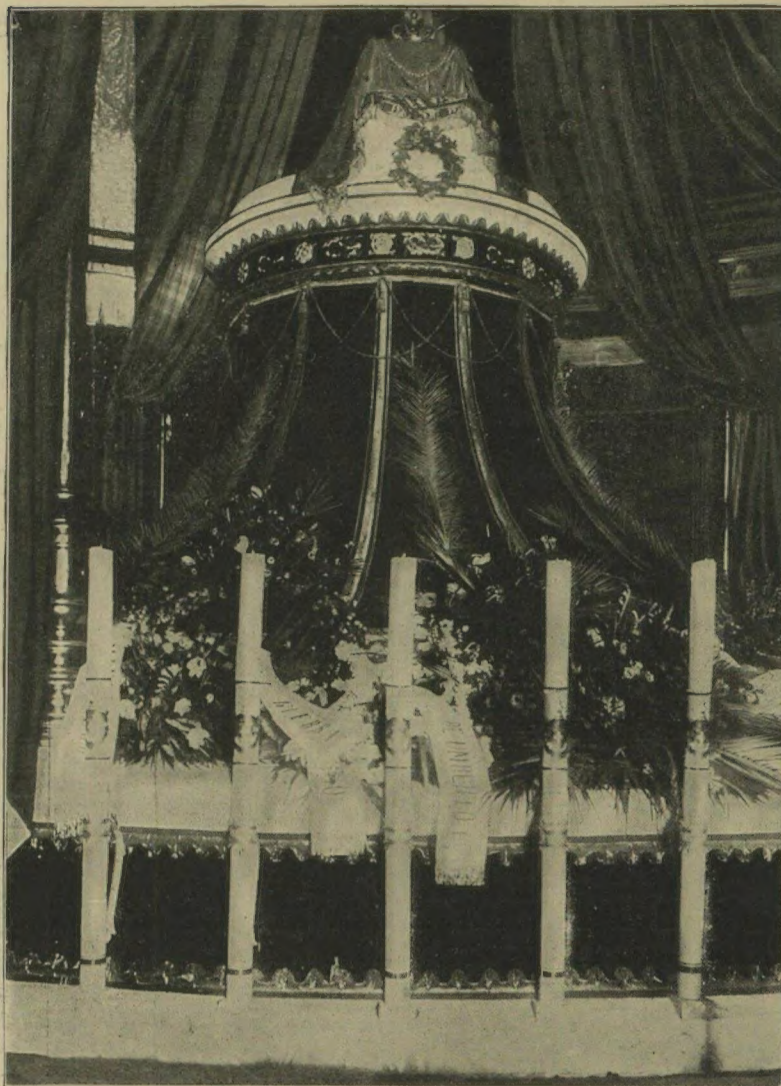
July 29, the first anniversary of the assassination of King Humbert of Italy, was marked by a great national pilgrimage to his tomb in the Pantheon at Rome. A procession, two miles in length, carrying with it two thousand banners, and including representatives of the Italian cities, colonies, army and navy, colleges, arsenals, and provinces, traversed the main streets on its way to the Pantheon, where the members filed slowly past the tomb. It is believed that over a hundred thousand people, from all parts, attended the ceremony. The King of Italy, Queen Helena, Queen Margherita, Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, the royal Princes and Princesses, and Prince Danilo of Montenegro prayed before the tomb of the King in the early morning, and afterwards attended mass at the Royal Chapel of the Sudario. High mass was celebrated at the Pantheon at ten o'clock, the catafalque, surmounted by the royal arms, being guarded by the Royal Cuirassiers. In the afternoon another enormous procession made its way to the Pantheon, and a number of wreaths were placed on the tomb.

## THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The daily reports of mimic war in the Channel were startlingly varied on Saturday by the intelligence that the turbine destroyer *Viper* had been sunk—not merely “sunk” in quotation marks—near Alderney. She was employed in scouting duty, and was going at the rate of about sixteen or seventeen knots—much below her normal speed as the swiftest destroyer in the fleet—when, in a fog, she jumped a ledge of rock—Renonquet Reef—on Burhow Island. The forepart of the vessel was torn away, the bows went under water, while the rock held the vessel amidships, and sent the stern aloft out of the water. The order to abandon the ship was at once given; the boats were lowered, and the crews drifted towards Alderney until taken on board the *Thames* cruiser and landed at Portsmouth—minus their effects, but not without two kittens, the special pets of the company.

## BLOCKADE OF THE REFRACTORY MAHSUDS

Like many other episodes in the history of a world-wide Empire, the blockade of the Mahsud tribe in one of the



THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT:  
THE CATAFALQUE IN THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

wildest parts of the North-Western Frontier, though very interesting and important to those immediately concerned, is a matter about which we at home have received very little information. It is a punitive measure ordered by the Government of India to compel the payment of a fine of 100,000 rupees for various offences committed in the past; for the Mahsuds are among the most inveterate

raiders and robbers to be found in all that turbulent region. Up to last May they had paid 55,000 rupees. Our photographs represent the Jirga, or tribal meeting, held in May in conference with the British Commissioner, Mr. Merk, C.S.I., at which the tribe was to decide whether it would pay the balance, or encounter the severe measures threatened by the Government. With these we also publish illustrations of typical persons and places—the born raider, the prosperous Malik, or rich man inclined to peace and civilisation; and some of the ill-famed passes or defiles, such as the Shahur Gorge, where four mail-runners consecutively were murdered by Mahsuds last January.

## THE TURCO-SERVIAN TROUBLES.

Troubles between Albanians and Servians at Kolashin and elsewhere have been the subject of diplomatic representations from Russia to the Porte. Outrages committed by Albanians on Servians—in some instances on children—are generally admitted, and the Sultan has now despatched Suleiman Pasha as Commissioner at the head of four battalions of troops to make an impression on the Albanians.

## GOODWOOD.

The Goodwood Race-meeting had not an entire run of luck this year in its weather. It opened in sunshine, however; and a great gathering, from which the King was a conspicuous absentee, looked on while the Stewards' Cup was won by a rank outsider indeed—Mr. A. M. Singer's *O'Donovan Rossa*. Mr. Hare's *Le Blizon* came in second; Mr. Dewar's *Forfarshire* third. The event of the second day was the winning of the Goodwood Plate by Sir J. Blundell Maple's *Avidity*. For the Goodwood Cup, the day after, the victory was with Mr. Arthur James's *Fortunatus*. The honours of the closing day were with Mr. Houldsworth, whose *Glenapp* won the *Chesterfield Cup*.

## THE “KOH-I-NOOR” IN COLLISION.

The pleasure-steamer *Koh-i-Noor*, plying between London and Ramsgate, collided with the steam-coller *Huguenot* in St. Clement's Reach, off Rosherville, on the evening of Thursday of last week. The *Huguenot*, a Newcastle boat bound for the Tyne, was struck on the stem, and several plates were carried away from her port bow. The *Koh-i-Noor* had a number of bow-plates bent and displaced, and part of her saloon deck wrecked. Fortunately, no one was hurt.



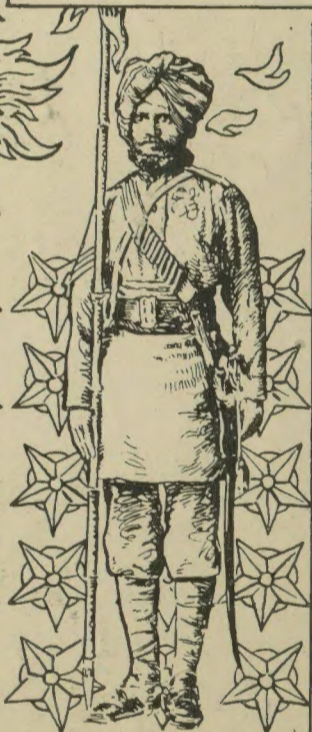
THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE PLEASURE-STEAMER “KOH-I-NOOR” AND THE COLLIER “HUGUENOT” IN ST. CLEMENT'S REACH ON AUGUST 1.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. H. W. GARRATT, A PASSENGER ON THE “KOH-I-NOOR.”



THE TROUBLE ON THE TURCO-SERVIAN FRONTIER: ALBANIANS DEMANDING ARMS AND AMMUNITION AT A SERVIAN HOUSE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A HUGH FISHER 1901



A MAHSUD JEMADAR IN THE SOUTH WAZIRISTAN (CURZON'S OWN) MILITIA.

MR. W. MERK, C.S.I. (COMMISSIONER OF THE DERAJAT), AND MR. W. LORIMER (BLOCKADE OFFICER), HOLDING THE JIRGA.

JUNG BAHADUR, A NOTORIOUS RAIDER.

A RICH MALIK.

THE BLOCKADE OF A REFRACTORY TRIBE IN WAZIRISTAN.



THE JIRGA AT JANDOLA.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE JIRGA.



THE ILL-FAMED SHAHUR DEFILE.



THE GOMAL PASS.

THE BLOCKADE OF A REFRACTORY TRIBE IN WAZIRISTAN.



ANNIVERSARY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT: DEPUTATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN PROVINCES PLACING WREATHS ON THE TOMB IN THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. AMATO.



COWES REGATTA WEEK: PARTING GUESTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.

# PROVIDENCE NODS.

By ARTHUR MOORE.

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Illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright.

ANDREW CHILCOTE fingered the sinister, oblong envelope for a few minutes with a contemplative frown, as he stood in front of his solitary dinner-table, awaiting, with apprehension rather than interest, the service of his evening meal. The slanting rays of the July sunshine smouldered in the tired air that entered through the open window of his sitting-room, on the second floor of a high-shouldered villa in a teeming suburb. From the street came the noisy cries of children at play; the scuffle of clumsy feet; the querulous tones of ill-educated boyish voices, shrill in complaint, uncouth in laughter. A barrel-organ hurled volleys of violent music from the corner by the public-house, a hundred yards away; at brief intervals the screeching whistle of a steam-engine imperiously punctuated the medley of discord.

The letter was neglected, while Chilcote mechanically, to an accompaniment of bitter thoughts, consumed the leathery steak and underdone potatoes with which his landlady's imagination had equipped his dinner-table.

The cruelty of circumstances, the supreme, relentless indifference of Providence, the futility of rebellion—a dark limbo of such shadows formed the firmament in which his thoughts no longer strove to find a faint glimmer of hope.

"It's quite simple," he concluded grimly, when he had risen from the table and filled his pipe, fumbling vaguely in his pocket for a match. "I am a poor man, with no prospects; therefore I had no right to fall in love. Of course—no right!" He closed his teeth viciously on the stem of his pipe.

"Poor fool!" he thought, gazing at the reflection in a mirror of his haggard face and dishevelled hair. "Poor

fool! and why should Providence care? Fool! aren't there thousands in the same boat, chained to the same oar?" He threw back his head. "But none of them love like I love!" he cried aloud. Then he laughed, a quiet, mirthless laugh. "I wonder how many men have said that before!"

There was a photograph upon the mantelshelf, the head and shoulders of a pretty girl in evening dress. He took it up and gazed at it wistfully.

"She loves me—Cynthia loves me!" he murmured. "I have kissed those lips, touched that hair, read unspoken things in those eyes. Nothing can rob me of that. Poor fool!" Then, with a return to his former tone: "It will be all the same in a hundred years—in five, perhaps—who can tell?" He looked at himself in the mirror again, then shook his head contemptuously.

"No such luck; this thing doesn't kill—only in books. I wish I were coward enough to put an end to it!"

A bell rang, footsteps sounded on the staircase, knuckles on the door, and a man of Chilcote's age between twenty-five and thirty—entered the room with a cheerful greeting.

"Oh, yes, I'm pretty fit," Chilcote replied nervously. "I—I was just thinking—about blowing my brains out. What do you think about it?"

"Don't be an idiot," said the other (his name was Wood). "Selfish thing to do. Lots of bother for other people, and doesn't do you any good. What's the matter?"

Chilcote looked at him contemplatively. "Got

through your dinner pretty early," he put in weakly. The other nodded, repeating his question.

"I've never had any secrets from you—I should think you could guess. Cynthia has just told me that she has been forbidden to have anything more to do with me. I may not even write to her. I haven't ten pounds in the world; in another month it seems probable that I shall have no work to do. Doesn't sound much, I know! Oh, and that"—he pointed to the letter which still lay neglected on his table—"that is probably a third and final application from my tailor. Much I care; but it seems unnecessary—like a mosquito-bite to a man on his death-bed."

"Poor old chap," said the other softly, after an embarrassed pause, "I wish I could help you. It's a long lane, you know—and—silver linings, and all that kind of thing."

Chilcote looked at his friend for an instant with a glance half wistful, half compassionate—the look that springs from a sense that one is alone on the pinnacle of a greater grief than springs above the flat horizon of most men's lives.

"Thank you," he said; "you do help me."

There was silence for a minute. Wood filled and lit a pipe, his brow wrinkled with a sympathetic furrow, and Chilcote, dropping into a chair, began to unscrew the lid of his tobacco-jar. Suddenly he desisted, springing to his feet impatiently. "One stifles indoors these nights. Shall we go out do you mind? I can't keep still—it maddens me! I must get some shoes," he added, vanishing into the adjoining room. "Just open that



*He sat down to the piano, and played very softly.*

letter, will you, and see whether the brute gives me a week or a fortnight?"

Five minutes later he came back, and found Wood staring in front of him, with the opened letter folded closely in one hand.

"Week or a fortnight—or return of post?" queried Chilcote, with a faint semblance of interest.

Wood looked at him curiously. "Oh! let's go out. A hansom, I think, and, by Jove! let's drive to Richmond or Hampton, and stay there to-night. Ring, and tell your landlady."

Chilcote stared at him with vacant eyes, protesting feebly.

Wood persisted. "All right—I'm responsible," he said quietly. "Chuck some things into a Gladstone bag—spare pyjamas for me, if you don't mind—and I'll buy a tooth-brush on the way."

Chilcote groaned, and sank into a chair.

"Well," said Wood calmly, "you stay there, and I'll make hay in your wardrobe."

When they were safely established in a hansom cab, he turned to Chilcote suddenly—

"Ever heard of one Joseph P. Scantlebury?"

Chilcote replied rather fretfully, "Why? Yes, of course. My godfather. Died the other day. Haven't seen him since I was at school."

"Fond of him?"

"Oh—yes," said the other vaguely. "Nice old boy. Took me to the pantomime at Christmas—and stray half-crowns."

"Rich?"

Chilcote was silent, leaning on the doors of the hansom, and gazing in front of him; and Wood repeated his question.

"Rich? Oh—supposed to be—disgustingly!"

Wood suppressed a laugh discreetly.

"That letter wasn't from your tailor," he remarked absently. "From some professional brethren of yours—Ferret and Pounce."

"Oh, I know," said Chilcote wearily. "Nearly next door to us in Lincoln's Inn Fields. 'We are instructed to press for payment—long-standing account—this day week,' and all that kind of thing."

Wood coughed tolerantly. He was silent for a few minutes, eyeing his companion covertly in the occasional gleams of lamplight.

"You're quite calm?" he suggested.

Chilcote laughed bitterly. "I don't know what the dickens you're driving at, but I suppose you mean well. If only you would realise that it isn't necessary to make conversation! If you're bored, thank God for it!"

"Sit tight," said Wood, with a curious break in his voice. "Now, you may be interested to hear that you're a fraud! Last ten pounds indeed! You're a rich man, disgustingly rich—that, I think, was the phrase! Joseph P. Scantlebury has left you all his shekels, except an annuity of fifty pounds to his butler. How's that? And you'll jolly well have to pay for the cab, and the hotel bill, and we'll have a supper of sorts," he added quickly, rather frightened by the wide eyes which Chilcote turned upon him.

"Good Heavens!" said the other huskily. "You—you're not joking? And I thought nothing could hurt me or help me!" Suddenly he started up, fumbling for the trap-door in the roof of the cab.

"Where are we? We must stop. I—I must let her know—I——"

"Steady!" said the other. "Kensington Square you want, don't you? We could get there in ten minutes; but you can send a boy messenger. Can't very well call at this hour, can you? I—I thought of all that," he added with conscious pride. "Really, old man, I'm frightfully glad."

Chilcote gazed at him for a moment, knitting his brows, and endeavouring, rather unsuccessfully, to control the trembling of his lips.

"No; to-morrow morning must do," he sighed, "Even now, how do I know what her people will say? They have forbidden me to write to her. If I send a letter by messenger to-night, it will only be intercepted."

Wood wagged a sagacious head. "Times are changed," he said, "and you. They'll discover some of your shy virtues now in less than no time." Presently he added complacently: "I have it! Write to the father. Quite the correct card; and they're bound to tell her in the morning."

Chilcote seemed to assent, and his companion bade the cabman drive them on to Richmond.

## CHAPTER II.

After parting from her lover in Kensington Square on the evening of this same tragical day, Cynthia Vale had escaped to the fastness of her own room, to spend long hours in the luxury of tears; and it was not till after dinner, when she had heard the carriage that was to bear her parents to the Opera roll smoothly from the door, that she descended to the deserted drawing-room. Here, before many minutes had elapsed, she was joined by her brother Arthur, a young barrister with a cynical manner and a kindly heart. He sat down almost at once to the piano, and played, very softly, a fragment of Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, breaking into a Schlummerlied by

Scharwenka; then he turned to gaze thoughtfully at the disconsolate figure that sat upright with clasped hands in a corner of the sofa by the open window.

"Poor little girl," he said gently, stretching out one hand and stroking her hair. "It's very hard, I know."

"Oh, Arthur," she moaned, "be nice to me—it's so dreadful! Do help me!"

"It's—it's a wicked world," he said, shaking his head wisely. "One should never allow oneself to suppose one can possibly get what one wants; it's contrary to all the principles of Providence. One should cultivate a mood of slavish resignation, and be very, very grateful for one's crumbs—it's the only way!"

Cynthia gave a despairing little sigh, and buried her face in the sofa-cushions. Her brother shrugged his shoulders, sternly repressing a desire to take the child in his arms and comfort her with words of indiscreet sympathy.

"You—you'll get over it," he said, with an assumed air of cheerfulness, which struck him as so brutal that it must needs be salutary.

Cynthia raised her tearful face, and gazed at him with momentary indignation.

"I won't—I don't want to—I would rather die!"

Arthur patted her hot little hand apologetically. "I know," he said quaintly. "It's too bad; he's a good chap—but what can you do? He's a good sort—and clever enough—but he hasn't a penny, poor beggar! And even if you had twice as much——" He checked himself suddenly.

"Twice as much?" echoed Cynthia.

"He hasn't an assured income, and his prospects are of the most shadowy."

"You said—if I had twice as much, Arthur?"

"Well—of course you have your share of Uncle Henry's money—it's not much, but it's something."

"I don't understand—I haven't got it—I don't get anything! How do you mean?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds—five hundred a year—perhaps a little more, when you marry or come of age, whichever happens first."

"Five hundred a year!" murmured Cynthia, with wide eyes. Then she added less hopefully: "But, of course, papa can cut me out of it if I marry without his leave?"

"Um!" said Arthur; "as a matter of fact—well, of course, you're entitled to know—as a matter of fact, father hasn't any voice in the matter!" He paused, and added importantly: "I'm one of Uncle Henry's trustees, and I ought to know!"

"Do you mean—five hundred a year—of my very own?"

Arthur nodded. "But, dear," he protested, seeing the light dawn in her grey eyes. "What's the good? It can't make any difference—he can't take your money—don't you see?"

"He can, if I want him to," she said desperately; "if I ask him!"

Arthur shook his head gently, feeling with a pang that his manner was hopelessly superior.

"You can tell him, of course—if he doesn't know already."

"How should he know? And—and I mayn't see him or write to him."

The other sighed. "I oughtn't to have told you—father won't like it. But I thought you would see that it can't make any difference. How can he, with any self-respect——"

"Oh! self-respect!" she cried contemptuously. "Foolish pride—one of your dreadful, conventional—man's ideas. No woman could have invented it! So mean—so mercenary!"

Arthur raised his eyebrows. "That's just what the world would call him!" Then, seeing the girl clench her hands viciously, "Oh, hang the world, of course!" he added apologetically. "Quite so; I said it was wicked; but it's too big to be dictated to by the likes of us, Cynthia."

The girl rose from the sofa suddenly. "Anyhow, I'm going to write to him, promise or no promise—and, Arthur, you'll be a dear, and post my letter, won't you?"

Arthur watched her as she hurried to the writing-table, following her across the room more deliberately. "I shall be going out presently," he replied discreetly, as he opened the door. "And, of course, if there are any letters waiting in the hall—to be posted—I shall post them."

When she was alone, Cynthia surveyed her writing materials dubiously.

"Oh, it's too hard," she moaned piteously, half an hour later, as she fastened the envelope. "Of course, the poor dear wretch will be too proud."

## CHAPTER III.

It was Admiral Sir Gregory Vale's custom to ride in the Park before breakfast on the morning of every week-day, and during this summer it had become one of the regulations of an extremely methodical household that his daughter Cynthia should accompany him. As a rule, the conversation habitual to these occasions rolled smoothly backwards and forwards along a polished groove, of which both ends as well as the sides were always comfortably in view. This morning, so far as matter was

concerned, there was no noticeable change, but the Admiral's manner, rather elaborately genial, affectionate to a degree unnatural to the hour, marked his appreciation of the crisis, no less uncompromisingly than if he had delivered himself of a lecture on improvident marriages, or the duties of children to their parents.

Cynthia, weary after a sleepless night, and prepared for a renewal of hostilities, was at first content enough to drift with the tide of her father's kindly commonplaces; after a time, her vague feelings of gratitude became tinged with a certain remorse, a recurrence of the uncomfortable scruples that had assailed her in the small hours of the morning. As then, her conscience reminded her of her bondage to its apron-strings, inveighed more and more insistently against the double treachery involved in an acceptance of kindness from her lover's enemy, from her father, whose express command she had disobeyed. The conflict between these points of view was sufficiently bewildering, and the natural refuge of confession presented itself to the girl less as a luxury than as a necessity.

Before she quite realised what she was doing, she found herself betraying, in full detail, almost defiantly, the secret of the letter which she had written to her lover on the night before. Her voice sounded strangely in her ears as she concluded, after a pause which her father had dedicated grimly to silence.

"And I told him—about my money."

The Admiral surveyed his daughter blankly. "Well," he said expressively, "that will be news to him, no doubt."

"He didn't know," said the girl simply. "How should he? Even I——"

"Pooh! Doesn't a lawyer know his way to Somerset House?"

"He didn't know," Cynthia repeated.

"He knows now," said the Admiral. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to you for keeping me informed of your—manœuvres. May I ask what further steps you intend to take?"

His cob stumbled as they emerged from the Park into the main road, and he reigned it up impatiently.

"If he's a gentleman, the knowledge won't make any difference to his action; he can't marry you on your money."

"I—I'm afraid he'll *think* he can't," said Cynthia dolefully.

"H'm," grunted the Admiral. "I don't know much to his credit."

Cynthia sighed, falling back and letting her father pilot her through the traffic of High Street. For the next few minutes her brain was busy; when the two horses came abreast again, as they took the familiar turning that leads to Kensington Square, she glanced at her father timidly.

"That would be something—a good deal?" she hazarded.

"Eh?" queried the Admiral. "What would be a good deal?"

"To his credit—if—if he wouldn't?"

"Pooh!" grunted the Admiral, as he fumbled for his latchkey. "There—be a good girl and do—don't be disobedient. I—I can't be bothered. Three company meetings this morning, and it's after nine. You'll catch it, you know, when you tell your mother!" he added almost humorously as they entered the house.

## CHAPTER IV.

Cynthia's anticipation of a stormy interview with her mother was happily doomed to frustration. When the Admiral and his daughter entered the breakfast-room, they found themselves in undisputed possession of that family battlefield. Their ride had occupied more time than was usually devoted to it, and the hour was late. A faint aroma of cigarette smoke, mingled pleasantly with the fragrance of coffee, hinted that Arthur had broken his fast, and was faring on his way to Lincoln's Inn; the absence of Lady Vale's coffee-cup forestalled the parlour-maid in conveying the news that her mistress was indulging a time-honoured propensity for breakfasting in bed. The Admiral kept his daughter busy with the coffee-pot and toast-rack for some ten minutes, while he grumbled at the iniquity of calling board-meetings for ten o'clock in the morning; and then bustled into his carriage, with a bundle of unopened letters in one hand, and the *Times* and an assortment of circulars tucked under his arm.

When she had interviewed the cook, and performed the other domestic duties that appeared to be required of her, with a grave face and an attention to detail that once or twice astonished her, Cynthia betook herself to her room, pausing in front of her dressing-table as she passed it, and contemplating with a certain satisfaction the traces—which she was half astonished to find no plainer—of the last night's tear-stained hours, in the forlorn little face and grave eyes that met hers so wistfully from the looking-glass. But the panoply of dreary resignation which thenceforth through a shattered life was to be her only wear must be maintained; she would shun the temptation to throw herself on her bed and revel in her grief; she would write her diary—no, there was a menace to her defence in that! She would darn stockings, write to Madame Gabrielle to countermand her new evening frock,

take some of the gayer flowers out of her last hat—yes, and buy some black ribbons; *moiré*, she thought—and then the visitors' bell rang, and in a moment she was standing at the chink of her half-opened door, listening in breathless expectation, she hardly knew why. At last she heard voices, one of them her lover's; footsteps, the closing of a door. She crept back into her room, and when the maid knocked, she was already bending in seeming occupation over the ribbons and laces of an open drawer.

The servant pronounced the name that Cynthia expected to hear, explaining that Mr. Chilcote had asked first for the Admiral and then for Lady Vale. "And I asked him if I should take his name to you, Miss, and he said, 'Yes, if you were not too busy.'"

Cynthia nodded, pausing for an instant, before she followed the maid downstairs, to bestow upon the sunny ripples of her hair the quick, deft touches which, given the opportunity, no woman can easily forego, however trivial the encounter that prompts the instinct, or becoming the disarray that is amended.

The door of the drawing-room had hardly closed when she found herself in Andrew's arms, content for one rapturous minute to forget everything, except that they loved each other, that they were together.

He was the first to speak, holding her at arm's length, and gazing into her troubled eyes.

"Sweetheart, isn't it wonderful!" he murmured. "Just like a fairy tale!"

She gazed at him wistfully for a moment, watching the reflection of her doubt spring into his eyes, and cloud his brow; then let her head fall on his shoulder.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she moaned, torn as by wild horses between her joy that he would do her bidding, her despair that he was choosing the part that would win for him the contempt of her father, of her brother—that he could be false to that code which, though she had mocked at it as a superstition, she still revered, because it was honoured of men whose honour was hers.

"You must go," she murmured, hating herself for saying the words, but prompted by an instinctive longing to be alone, that she might do battle with the doubts that beset her, aided now by that dear enemy whose acquiescence had found her so unprepared. "You must go—I ought not to see you—I have promised—"

"Cynthia!" he protested; "surely—everything is changed! I don't understand—"

"Changed? Father doesn't think so—"

Andrew groaned. "And I was so happy! I thought—Is it—is it—that your people object to me personally? I thought it was only because I was poor. Surely, now that your father knows—!"

Cynthia signed, nodding gravely. "Of course, he knew all along, before I did. Oh, I ought never to have asked you! Forgive me—"

"You do love me?" said Andrew slowly, after a moment's bewildered hesitation.

"I love you," the girl answered simply; "I shall always love you."

"Then marry me, sweetheart! You know that I don't want to make you defy your people. But now! it isn't as if there was even the shadow of a reason!"

Cynthia sighed, shaking her head. Then she lifted her eyes to his.

"You must go now," she said. "Oh, you must! Go, and try to think for both of us. And to-morrow, if you come and tell me that you want me to marry you, you have my promise that I will. But try to forget what I

Cynthia felt herself strangely thrilled. Hope knocked wildly at her heart, and as her lover paused she laid one hand on his arm, so that its touch, even as her eyes, entreated his patience.

"Andrew," she murmured breathlessly, "something has happened, something that I don't understand—I don't understand! Tell me quickly—your fairy tale."

Chilcote kissed the hand that trembled on his sleeve. "Dearest, yesterday I was the beggar thrust out of the palace by the king—the father of my beloved. This morning I was returning in triumph, with my sacks of gold and baskets of precious stones; and the Admiral—the king, I mean—was to throw open his gates, and—and

we were to live happily ever after and all the rest of it! And now—"

He paused, as his eyes fell on Cynthia's bewildered face, a sudden hope gleaming in his own.

"Cynthia, your father had my letter?"

Cynthia shook her head. "Ah, I remember, he took his letters away to read on his way to the City. You wrote to him?"

Andrew looked at her strangely. "To tell him that my godfather had died and left me all his money. I told him five thousand a year, because I wanted to be on the safe side."

Cynthia gazed at him with wide eyes, then trembled, and he caught her in his arms, caressing her, with loving words.

Presently Cynthia lifted a tear-stained face. "Oh, Andrew!" she moaned tragically, "if I had only known! How can you ever forgive me? I can never, never forgive myself!"

"What have I to forgive?" he protested. "It's all my fault for—for telling you so clumsily."

She shook her head despairingly. "You don't understand! I doubted—oh! you will know when you read my letter. I *can't* tell you!"

"I won't let you!" he declared happily. "You—you didn't doubt that I loved you?"

"Oh, *no*!" she protested, with emphasis.

"Or that you loved me?"

"Ah!" she sighed deliciously.

"Then, you are forgiven, anyhow—though I know there was nothing to forgive! And I won't read your letter—if you tell me not to; and if you don't forgive yourself on the spot, I'll—"

"Oh!" she murmured, with a little air of apprehension.

"Kiss you within an inch of your life!"

"Oh!" she repeated; then added in a whisper, "I can't—quite."

At this juncture there was a discreet knock at the door, and a servant entered bearing a telegram. Cynthia opened it quickly.

"It's from father," she said, smiling, and blushing prettily. "He must have read your letter, I think." Then she added, as the servant left the room: "He says I may ask you to come to dinner to-night—will you come?"

"Darling!" he murmured, folding her in his arms.

THE END.



*She found herself in Andrew's arms.*

wrote to you—I was wrong, I think—remember only the facts, and—and that I love you!"

Andrew stopped her, as she turned towards the door, with a quick gesture of entreaty, almost of command. "Stay—you wrote to me? I have had no letter. I have come straight from Richmond, where I slept last night. You wrote, Cynthia?"

"You haven't had my letter?" she put in quickly. "Then—oh, Andrew!—are we awake? I don't understand—I thought you came because—"

Andrew shrugged his shoulders. "It's—it's a nightmare," he declared brokenly, "and I thought it a fairy tale. I came because I thought that though your father had good reason for refusing to give his daughter to the pauper that I was yesterday, he would hardly reject me now. And—you tell me to go away, and think whether I want—"



THE BEGINNING OF THE SHOOTING SEASON: GROUSE-SHOOTING ON THE SCOTCH MOORS.

DRAWN BY HENRY STANNARD, R.B.A.

T H E N A V A L M A N Œ U V R E S.



WAR DECLARED: "X" FLEET STEAMING THIRTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR IN A FOG.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. T. JANE.



A CRUISER CAPTURING A MERCHANTMAN.

*A merchantman is judged to be captured after being encircled by a cruiser or other war-ship.*

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. T. JANE.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Between the dunce who was sent to roam and the dunce who stayed at home, there was, in Cowper's time and according to him, not much difference as far as the acquisition of knowledge was concerned. Probably the author of "The Sofa" failed, if not to foresee, at any rate to grasp, the whole significance of the era of steam, with its circular tours and practically universal "globetrotting." In his days a journey through certain parts of Europe became virtually obligatory with the scions of the English aristocracy, whether they were likely or not to benefit by their travels; and it would be idle to pretend that the majority of those lordlings derived inordinate intellectual profit by being dragged by this or that bear-leader, in the shape of a tutor, from one capital to another. At their return neither their fathers nor their mothers made them go through their paces. They were satisfied with the fulfilment of the obligation imposed upon them by their social status; and there was an end of the affair. It was the "something attempted, something done," of "The Village Blacksmith." No questions were asked as to how it had been done? If the sire felt at all disposed to reflect upon the business, he probably agreed with Machiavelli's dictum given to a Princess who complained of her son doing everything badly. "It is better to do things badly than not to do them at all," was the answer.

Things are different in these respects, and have been for at least two decades. Even Perkyn Middlewick, ignorant buttermilk and purse-proud though he was, wanted some proof of his son and heir's not having spent his money altogether uselessly. "Did you see Vesuvius, Charles?" "Yes, father," was the answer. "Did it spit?" "No, father." "Charles, my boy, you knew that money was no object," reproached the old man. The Continental nations know nothing of Perkyn or Byron's "Our Boys"; but long ago they became alive to the necessity of providing archaeological, historical, or antiquarian attractions in the spots where they do not exist, and of artificially enhancing those that are there.

The Swiss and Italians have been for many years past-masters of those arts. And verily they have reaped their reward, and continue to reap it. There are localities whose inhabitants virtually live during a twelve-month upon the contributions levied from travellers, mostly English and Americans, during the holiday season. Sites of historical interest, monuments supposedly connected with world-wide-known tragedies, were invented or manufactured to gratify the "love of the curious," inherent in the non-critical and imperfectly informed of all nations, who are content to believe the cock-and-bull stories made immortal by this or that poet or novelist of genius; such as, for instance, the Château d'If, near Marseilles, or the tomb of Romeo and Juliet at Verona. I am quoting a couple of cases, the one being partly an imposition, for though there is a Château d'If, which was once a prison, it never held either an Abbé Faria or an Edmond Dantès. The supposed tomb of Shakspeare's lovers is a wholly fictitious piece of work. It is extremely doubtful whether the tragedy described by the deathless Englishman ever happened; but it is certain that neither the daughter of the Capulets nor the son of the Montagus rests in the kind of sarcophagus shown.

The Swiss had no need to tax their ingenuity. Nature herself fashioned for them, though Nature certainly did not intend to make her glorious and grandiose handiwork the vehicle for the kind of traffic which is being carried on under the pretext of showing this handiwork. Let it be distinctly understood that I am not reflecting upon hotel-keepers, guides, job-masters, and all those who, in virtue of the trouble they take and the short time in which they have to recoup themselves for their trouble, are entitled to be adequately rewarded. The entertainment has taken many weeks in its preparation, and all those legitimately connected must live, and live decently, by their profession. But, just as I object to the nondescripts hanging about theatres who pester one with their attentions for money, so do I object to the inhabitants of whole Swiss villages practically regarding strange visitors as their prey, and doing little or nothing else for their living but inventing and executing devices for fleecing the strangers, by sending their children and their old and infirm to excite pity by hideous deformities, and by making mendacity a kind of trade.

In justice, be it said, to the French, the Germans, and the Dutch, they have up to the present refrained through a laudable spirit of healthy national pride from imitating this tendency to make unearned increment out of the foolish and thoughtless generosity of the passing stranger. I have hitherto travelled on foot and by rail and coach throughout fair France, the picturesque Fatherland, and the equally charming Netherlands without becoming aware that this spirit was in any way becoming impaired. Last week, however, I had the first disagreeable experience in that respect, and, curiously enough, in the country famed for the sturdiness of its sons and daughters. Had I to select a couple of spots where that sturdiness is even more pronounced than elsewhere, I should certainly name Zealand and the province of North Holland, and that little island in the Zuyder Zee called Marken.

Well, close to the North-Holland coast and about an hour's sailing across the inland sea—best known as the Zuyder-Zee—there lies a tiny island, which, owing to the primitive customs of its inhabitants, their quaint dresses, their physiognomical peculiarities and their bodily robustness, is decidedly a most attractive spot to the best-educated as well as least-educated sightseer. Up to a few years since, the tourist in general was scarcely aware of its existence. And now it is invaded daily by considerable groups of those inquiring tourists, and the whole of its former quaintness is being gradually spoiled.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

C W (Sunbury).—(1) Thanks for your letter. We have written to Mr. Brossman, and await his reply. (2) The problem in hand will do very nicely; it will appear shortly, when we hope to hear from you again.

W SKELTON.—The problem is quite right. You overlook the fact that Black may move his King instead of capturing the piece.

MARTIN F, F DALBY, AND OTHERS.—See answer to C W above.

E W BURNELL.—Amended position to hand.

F DRAKE.—We will carefully examine the two positions, and let you know which we prefer.

MARCO SALEM (Bologna).—If 1. B to Kt 7th, K moves; but as the problem is defective, further discussion is fruitless.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2973 received from J E (Valparaiso) and Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 2980 from C A M (Penang) and Walter St. Clair Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2981 from Louis M Wertheim (Johannesburg) and C A M (Penang); of No. 2982 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 2983 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur), J Bailey, Richard Burke (Ceylon), Emile Frau (Lyons), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), Walter St. Clair Lord, and Rev. Armand De Rosset Meares (Baltimore); of No. 2984 from Richard Salem (Bologna), F W Gilman (Liverpool), J Bailey (Newark), and Emile Frau; of No. 2985 from Henry A Donovan (Listowel), H Le Jeune, Edward J Sharpe, W H Bohn (Worthing), Eugène Henry (Lewisham), Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2986 from J Hall, F B (Worthing), A B Nunes, Shadforth, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), H E Lees (Kensington), and Frank Clarke (Bingham); of No. 2987 from Clement C Danby, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Edward J Sharpe, and Rev. A Mays (Bedford).

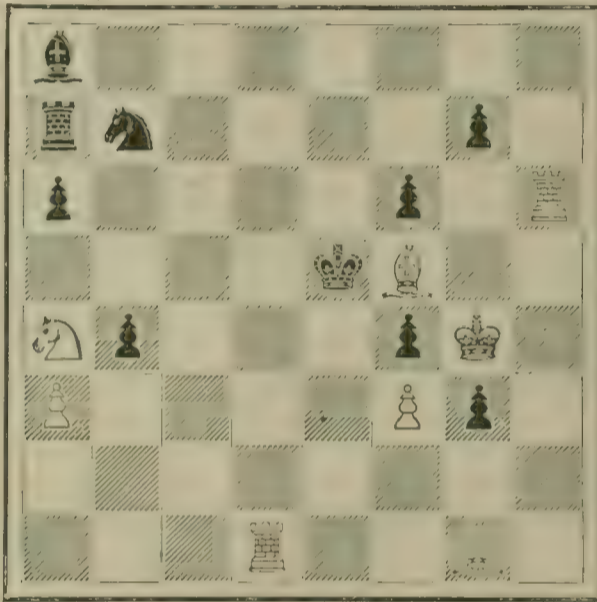
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2988 received from R Worters (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F Drake, F W Moore (Brighton), E J Winter Wood, W Skelton, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), and L Penfold.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2987.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. P to Kt 3rd K to K 6th  
2. B to Kt 6th (ch) K moves  
3. Q or B mates.  
If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to R 8th (ch); if 1. K to Q 6th, 2. Q to Q sq (ch); if 1. P to K 6th, 2. Q to R 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2970.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played between Messrs. S. AYAPIN and F. J. MARSHALL.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	29. B takes P	B to B 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 4th	B takes P would be replied to by R takes R, followed by K to K 7th (ch).	
3. Q P takes P	P to Q 5th	30. B to B 2nd	R takes R
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	31. B takes R	R to R sq
5. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q R 4th	32. B to B 2nd	R to R 3rd
6. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q B to Kt 5th	33. R to K 2nd	K to B 2nd
7. P to Q R 3rd	B takes Kt	34. R to K 5th	B to Q 5th
8. K P takes B	P to K 5th	35. R to Kt 5th	R to K 3rd
9. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt takes P	36. K to B sq	R to Kt 3rd
10. P to K B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	37. R takes R	P takes R
11. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd (ch)	38. B to B sq	P to Kt 4th
12. K to B sq	Kt to K B 3rd	39. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
13. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	40. B takes P	Kt to K 6th (ch)
14. K to Kt 2nd	B to K 2nd	41. K to K 2nd	
15. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 4th		
16. P to K R 4th	Kt to K Kt 5th		
17. R to K sq	Kt to R 4th		
18. B to B 2nd	Q Kt takes P		
19. Q takes P	Q takes Q		
20. Kt takes Q	K to B sq		
21. B to Q 3rd	R to Q sq		

The exchange appears to be inferior. Kt to Q 3rd would have maintained the equality for the time. White meets this weak move very cleverly, and Black remains with several isolated Pawns.  
22. Kt to K 6th (ch) P takes Kt  
23. B takes Kt B to B 4th  
24. P to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
25. B takes P P to K Kt 3rd  
26. P to B 5th P takes P  
27. B to Kt 5th B to Q 5th  
28. Q R to Q sq K to Kt 2nd

## CHESS IN HUNGARY.

Game played at the Budapest Chess Club between Dr. N. BRODY and Mr. N. BANYA.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Dr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	10. B to Kt 2nd	Castles
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	11. Q R to K sq	Q to Q 5th (ch)
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	12. K to R sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
5. Castles	P takes Kt		
6. Q takes P	Q to B 3rd		
7. P to K 5th	Q takes P		
8. P to Q Kt 3rd			
		13. B to R sq	Q to R sq
		14. Kt to Q 5th	B to Kt 2nd
		15. Q takes B P	
		16. Q takes P (ch)	Resigns.

A well-known trap. If Q takes R the reply is 6. Kt to B 3rd, and White is free to carry on his attack, the Queen being away from the defence.  
8. B to R 3rd  
It is important to play the Bishop thus. B to B 4th (ch) is inferior.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The advent and continuance of the dog-days suggests very obvious and forcible thoughts regarding two phases of our social life—namely, what shall we drink in order to assuage our thirst, and wherewith shall we be clothed in order to pass through the ordeal of the fiery furnace as comfortably as may be? These are questions which at the present time are dividing the interest of the man in the street with the Boer War and the future of the Liberal Party. I think to the man who is busy, and in truth, to him who, like Mr. Gilbert's burglar, is lying basking in the sun like a contented lizard, the drink question is of more practical kind than is even war or politics, than the prospects of peace, or the question when Lord Rosebery shall cease from troubling. These last are abstract matters, while the tropical heat is a very concrete one; and so it comes to pass that there is much growling around because no man is satisfied either with the fluids offered for his sustenance or with the clothes he is condemned to wear.

I confess one reads the medical journals (always seasonable, with advice gratis) and manuals of hygiene with scant satisfaction. I am warned against cotton-fibre, which is deceptive in the matter of undergarments, and though silk is not despised, it is expensive, and apt to rank with cotton as a chilly investment. But then, most of us do wear cotton in summer when we cannot afford purple and fine linen, and yet we survive. The manuals are strong on colour, I find. They recommend white for summer and dark shades for winter, which is just what everybody wears, or rather should wear. I am treated to learned discussions on absorption of heat-rays and the like, but the outcome of it all is that woman (as usual) is in the right.

The other day I beheld a worthy but somewhat adipose clergyman walking with his daughter. The lady was charmingly dressed in white gauzy materials, whereof, not being a professional milliner or costumier, or a society-recording journalist, I can give no further account. All I know is that she dressed like a picture of coolness. From top to toe she was clad in white. Even her tiny feet (I omit the temptation to describe them as "little mice") were cased in white shoes, and despite the heat, sunshade (also white) overhead, she glided along by the side of her porpoise-like parent in perfect ease, grace, and comfort.

Papa, *au contraire*, was in a parlous state. The worthy cleric, who exhibited a faint physical resemblance to Dr. Samuel Johnson, was panting and puffing after the manner of an aged sea-lion. Every now and then he raised his headgear—a clerical hat, black of course—to wipe his noble brow in the exercise of a necessary sanitary practice. His garments were sombre. He wore a M.B. waistcoat with the usual clerical sign-manual surrounding his neck, probably the most uncomfortable form of neckgear which it ever entered into the mind even of ecclesiastical humanity to devise. The poor parson was in that state which, in the North, is graphically called a "mither." The *Lancet*, with less politeness, but more directness, a fortnight or so ago spoke of such people, who, "in black coats, sweat to their satisfaction." Papa on this occasion must have been more than satisfied.

There is no doubt about it that woman has secured a tremendous advantage in the matter of summer dress over the mere man. True, signs are not wanting that the revolt of man has begun. I see more men in the West End of London—to select a dressy centre—wearing straws and clad in light clothes in the season's height than was the case a few years ago. Why should we not clothe ourselves in town in the hot weather as we do up the river or by the sea? Why not initiate white ducks all round, and be cool and comfortable? Because we are all terribly conservative in the matter of dress, and because the ladies are apt to look askance when a man appears in easy *negligé* attire on occasions when they have been accustomed to see him in frock-coat and "topper." It is all a matter of conventionality. Mr. J. M. Barrie in "Walker, London," made the medical student don a frock-coat and a top-hat the moment he knew he had got his degree. The tall hat, of course, contains the stethoscope. This is at least one poor, lame excuse for the doctor wearing it. I know of no other reason for its adoption by any sane man, except that, as I once heard a kind lady say to her husband, "You never look a gentleman, dear, in a bowler!"

The sun may make us more sensible in the matter of our clothing, when nothing else will, but as regards our summer drinks, that is a different affair. Worthy ladies send me recipes for making temperance beverages (in one, however, cider figured, and in another ginger-wine, I am sorry to say), with strawberries, honey, rhubarb, currants, and the like. I cannot utilise the experience of these good women. I want something I can get at once, and find on tap in any establishment I may patronise. This is where the brewer has the pull of us all. His commodity is always laid on, but when I want a nice refreshing, cooling drink, I find it has "to be made," and one really cannot stand like a Peri at the gate, disconsolate (or, what is worse, very thirsty), waiting for the concoction of rhubarb, lemonade, or other and similar beverages.

There is a future all ready waiting in the pockets of the British public for the man who will give us a non-intoxicating summer beverage. Alcohol, the medical journals tell me, I am not to take in hot weather, and this, no doubt, is wise advice; but here they leave me and everybody else in the lurch. Cider I tried and liked, but a teetotal friend has cut me since he tried it (he also liked it), because he says he is informed it contains ten per cent. of alcohol. I ask again, where is the benefactor who shall deliver us easily from the Great Lone Land of Thirst?



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## LADIES' PAGE.

Fashionable favour attended the Royal Italian Opera season to the very end. Indeed, it was a revelation of the number of smart people left in town at the end of July to go to Covent Garden. The Countess of Shaftesbury, who has been a frequent visitor this season, was present one evening wearing a beautiful combination of white satin with heliotrope velvet; her diamonds are very fine. The Marchioness of Londonderry (whom everybody who knows her kindness of heart wishes a speedy recovery of health) has been another regular attendant, and her superb pearls always attracted the eye, though her dress has usually been very quiet: black net or chiffon, with a little of her lovely lace on berthe and sleeves to relieve it. Lady Sherborne's ropes of pearls, worn over black, have also been a feature. The Duchess of Beaufort looked very well one evening in white satin and chiffon, and near her was Lady Grey-Egerton with a becoming gown of black net worked with jet and silver paillettes, laid over a white silk foundation. The Duchess of Sutherland came in a black chiffon, having white lace medallions let in and worked round with silver paillettes. The Countess of Erne wore black grenadine with a "fender-shaped" tiara of diamonds.

Goodwood, then, is still the end of the season, though the abrupt diminution in the stream of one's invitations in the middle of July might seem to point to an earlier end of things in general. But so long as Parliament sits, and men must be chained to its duties, there will be some social element in town. Goodwood, as I foresaw when I was shown the dresses in preparation for it a few weeks ago, has been far less smart this year than usual. It could hardly be otherwise, since not only are the royal family in mourning, but the eldest son of the host of the occasion, the Duke of Richmond, and several other members of his family, are still in danger from this endless war. There were nevertheless many smart gowns to be seen on the delightful lawns that make Goodwood unlike any other meeting in charm and society interest. Muslins were much in evidence; and painted, incrustated with lace, adorned with medallions in embroidered lawn, or filled with lace in some of the new tints—string colour, écaru, or the between tint that is known as "Paris"—they were always effective. There was more white and less black than there has been up to now, and the white was permitted to bear stripes or patterns of dainty colour in many cases. Foulard is still most popular.

Pale purple voile made a smart gown, the foot a full flounce *en forme*, having above it an inlet line of mauve and white foulard, from which stitched strappings of the same foulard rose to the waist; the bolero was similarly strapped, and there was a large collar of cream-coloured lawn embroidered with mauve floss-silk in stars. A handsome gown was in black-and-white foulard, having a flounce round the foot trimmed with tabs of black taffetas; a bias fold of black taffetas headed the flounce, and then came an inlet waved line of black lace. Narrow tuckings ornamented the hips, leaving the front of the skirt plain. The bolero was tabbed with black to match and adorned with black lace medallions, the vest and folded belt being white chiffon. Ecaru lawn embroidered with white and pale mauve ribbon-work flowers was trimmed with mauve-flowered taffetas and relieved by a scarf of black crêpe-de-Chine passing round the waist and falling down the left side, knotted in three places, and terminating with a gold bead narrow fringe. A grey foulard had a yoke of lace over pale blue, and a line of lace round the skirt laid over the same tint. A white lace three-tier skirt over mauve glacé was accompanied by a much-embroidered white muslin blouse, having a black chiffon chou at the left shoulder and black velvet baby-ribbon threaded through the lace yoke that was laid over mauve glacé. Three or four good gowns were of alternate stripes of ribbon and lace, in one case biscuit-colour, in another black-and-white. A biscuit-coloured voile, much tucked on skirt and bodice, had a tiny bolero of guipure lace worked with gold thread, and sleeves and transparent yoke of gold-embroidered lace to match; a wide swathed belt of black chiffon, with a gold buckle at both

back and front, gave much *chic* to this gown. A white zeolienne strapped with white glacé in criss-cross bands on the skirt was further decorated with medallions in écaru lace outlined with a tiny blue silk cord, one a line of these coming between each of the strappings; there was a vest of white chiffon, under a bolero strapped and lace-trimmed to correspond with the skirt, and the tiniest buttons of turquoises fastened a deep Swiss shaped belt in white glacé.

Many hats are trimmed with fruit; cherries are particularly *chic*, and are worn combined with their own foliage and stalks that are left freely visible—in fact, the idea seems to be to make the whole look as natural as possible. Another hat that looks well is a currant-trimmed one. A flat-crowned shape is chosen, and many leaves of the currant-bush almost cover it, and droop gracefully over the front and conceal the bandeau that raises the plateau at the left side; then black, white, and red currants are distributed prettily about, on and amid the foliage. A pretty hat at Goodwood was of black crinoline lined under the brim with rose-coloured chiffon and trimmed with tiny pink-flushed crab-apples. Another black hat was adorned effectively with green grapes and white lace. A mauve-and-white cashmere-patterned voile gown was accompanied by a toque of mauve chiffon trimmed on the crown with peach-blossom; and falling on the hair behind, in company with a long black velvet loop, were three little peaches in plush. Feathers were

bodices are cut in a slightly *décolleté* fashion; and when a picturesque hat is added, the whole effect is decidedly piquant. A couple of pink Malmaison carnations or a bunch of roses with a trail of long-stalked buds will give the always desirable touch of colour; or, again, another favourite and fashionable relief to the black and white harmony will be a long string of uncut turquoises.

Women who are that way inclined can usually find some means for making their lives effective in a wide sphere of activity. Lord Dufferin's youngest daughter has taken her certificate as a trained nurse. A lady doctor has been appointed to one of the refugee camps in South Africa in the person of the Hon. Ella Campbell Scarlett, sister of Lord Abinger, who is a graduate in medicine. She holds the appointment of Court Physician in Corea, from which she is now taking a holiday that is to be spent in this other important work. The consent given by the Home Secretary a year or so ago to the appointment of lady visitors to female prisoners in all prisons has resulted in many ladies taking up that work—so many that they have been able to form themselves into an association, which has recently held its first meeting, under the presidency of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, at Lady Battersea's house in London. It was stated that nearly every jail has now its lady visitor, whose chief duty is to inspire the women with hope that they may pass out of the prison to lead an honest life, and to help them to do so when their sentence expires.

None of us, I suppose, desire to see the Army opened to women; but there is no reason why they should not be able to shoot. Mrs. Rosling, who at the recent Bisley Meeting scored forty out of a possible forty-two points with the revolver, is to be congratulated on her marksmanship, but not on the ground of its being a unique achievement for a woman. Most of the Swiss Cantons encourage women to learn to shoot, for the tiny citizen army of the little Republic might be one day only too thankful for the reinforcement of its women; and many Swiss women are excellent shots. For instance, in the little commune of Attinghausen, Canton Uri, at a recent annual shooting-match, 184 persons proved themselves efficient shots, and of these 43 were women. The record of the meeting was made by a girl of fifteen; and a team consisting of a father, three daughters, and seven sons carried off nine prizes.

There has been an adverse decision given at Edinburgh to the young lady who desired to be admitted to the

examinations that would enable her to enter on the practice of the law. The judges stated that, in their opinion, they have not the power to compel the examiners to open their doors to ladies, and that Parliament alone can effect this compulsion. Precisely the same view was held by the law courts in regard to the admission of women to medical examinations—that they could not force the boards to examine women for medical degrees. One and all of the examining boards did, in fact, refuse to admit women medical students to qualifying examinations till Parliament passed a measure on the subject. So strong was the opposition that once, when it seemed as if women could not legally be refused admission to examination for a certain little degree, all the examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in that subject resigned their posts, in order to avoid admitting the women students to prove their knowledge, and the College did not fill up the vacant places, so that, there being no examiners, the examinations could not take place! Even now, though many qualifying examinations are available to women, the Royal College of Surgeons does not open its doors. Still, the strenuous opposition of the medical profession generally to women doctors was abandoned at length; and perhaps one day history may repeat itself, and women lawyers may be allowed to offer their services to the public. There seems to be real need for them in India for the zenana-secluded ladies.

Our Illustrations this week have been specially designed for the benefit of most lucky women who are going to spend the next few weeks at—say, Ostend, where the smartest fashions being daily and nightly gathered together with one accord, it is, of course, most necessary that one's gown should be distinctively original if it is to make its mark among so many. And this desirable consummation will certainly be achieved if you faithfully follow the details of either of those pictured gowns, which both show the decorative possibilities of white mousseline, with applications of black and ivory lace. The gown where the mellow-tinted lace is arranged in long lines, which finally disappear under clusters of flowers in black Chantilly appliqué, will be particularly successful in lending an appearance of height to the figure. So I would commend it to the woman to whom Nature has not been altogether generous in the matter of inches; while others, who may have no such cause for complaint, will be well suited by that other dainty dress where the black lace forms encircling festoons around medallions of the ivory lace. As both gowns are destined for Casino wear, the

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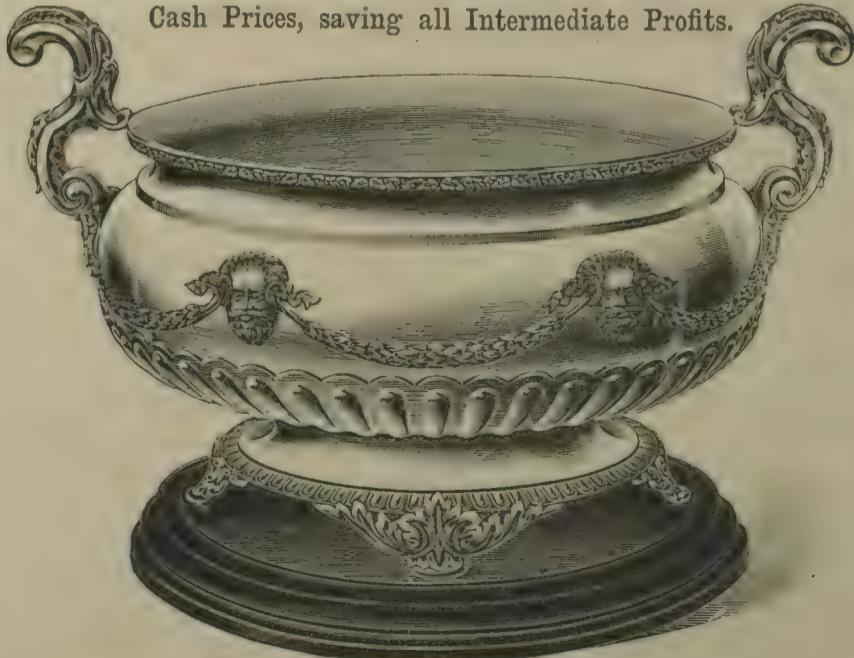
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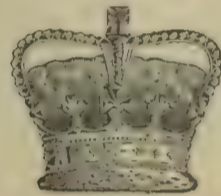
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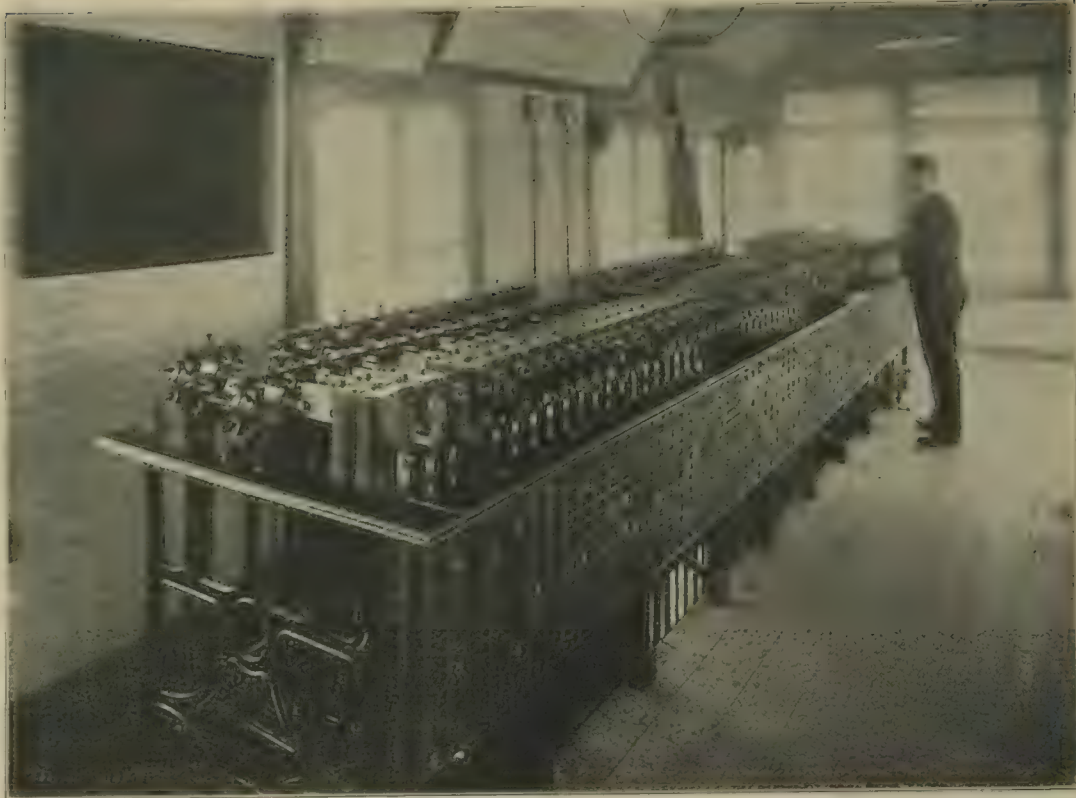
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AN INNOVATION ON  
BRITISH RAILROADS.

On July 31 an interesting ceremony took place at the station at Grateley, on the London and South-Western Railway. It was the inauguration of a new system of working interlocked points and signals, and in view of the great interest taken in this new system by all the railroads of Europe, invitations had been sent for an official inspection and explanation of the manifold advantages of the system to all the leading railway men. The manual control of points and signals by levers and mechanical connections from the tower is done away with, and, instead, compressed air, but at the low pressure of 15 pounds, is used. The system has been installed by the British Pneumatic Railway Signal Company, Limited, whose managing director is the well-known signal-engineer, Mr. J. P. O'Donnell, and has been in successful and extensive use in the United States for a number of years, although the first installation in Europe is the one at Grateley. By means of this system it is possible to concentrate the manipulation of the points and signals in one cabin, where two were formerly required. The physical labour involved is practically nil, as it consists merely in opening valves which permit passage of the air to the track-apparatus to do the work. As a consequence, one man can do a much greater amount of work than he can with mechanical appliances, which require him to move the apparatus itself at a distance. The saving in labour by the reduction in the number of



RAILWAY SIGNALS WORKED BY COMPRESSED AIR: THE LOW-PRESSURE PNEUMATIC INTERLOCKING FRAME AT GRATELEY STATION.

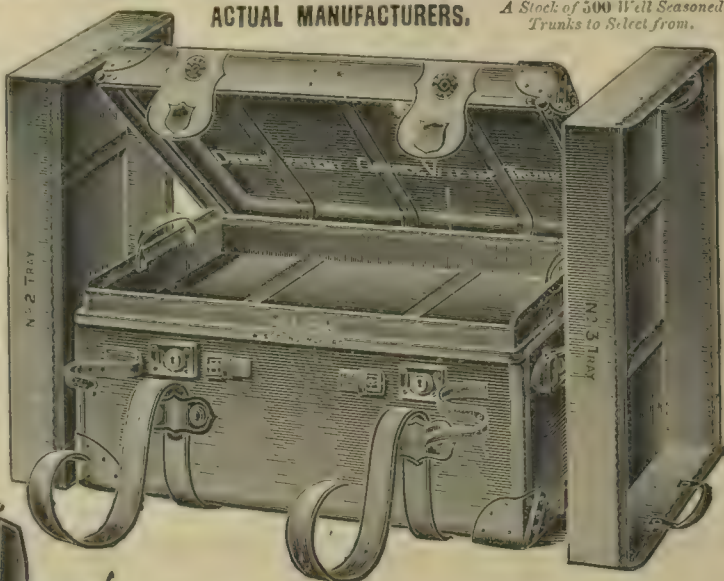
men is an enormous one. The safety of operation is likewise very much increased, as the apparatus is so arranged that the corresponding interlocked lever cannot be freed until a current of air has been sent back to the cabin, to give an indication, and this air-current cannot pass unless the track-apparatus has correctly

Depew of New York, who delighted the assembled company by one of the characteristic speeches for which he is famed the world over, dwelling particularly upon the good feeling existing between the two nations, and the universal brotherhood of railroad men of all countries.

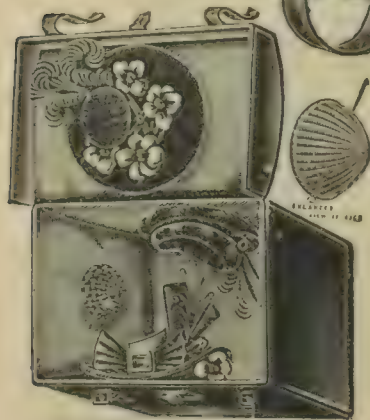
and accurately completed its movement. The signalman grasps his lever, which is merely a slide in this case, pulls it out half-way—which is sufficient to operate the point or signal—and the return indication air-current, coming back to the cabin, automatically completes the stroke of the lever, and thereby frees the corresponding one. Another important point of economy and safety is the fact that the transmitting apparatus is buried out of the way of possible accident and derangement, and free of disturbing influence. The transmitting organs are merely ordinary gas-pipes buried in the ground, and are practically indestructible, as they are subjected to no high pressure and are completely protected from outside interference. Mr. F. L. Dodgson, of New York, the inventor of the system, was present, and demonstrated the working of the devices. The discussions were long and animated, and evidenced the great interest taken by all present. A lunch was served under a tent, presided over by Mr. J. N. Beckley, president of the International Pneumatic Railway Signal Company, of Rochester, New York. The guest of honour was Senator Chauncey M.

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FIBRE, and covered in dark  
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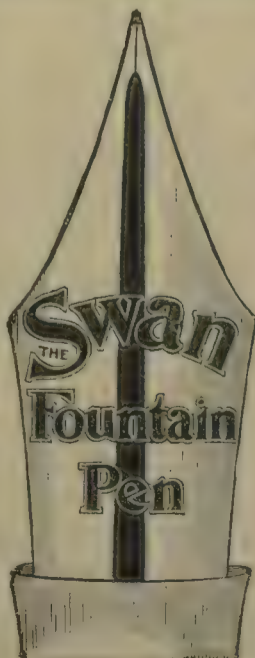
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration of the estate of Mr. Thomas Spencer, of The Grove, Ryton, Durham, who died on April 12, intestate, have been granted to John Spencer, the brother, the value of the estate being £577,196.

The will of Mr. Henry Charles McCrea, of Warley House, Halifax, has just been proved by the Rev. Henry Herbert McCrea and Arthur Selby McCrea, the sons, and James Mark Wood and Thomas Sutcliffe, the executors, the value of the estate being £287,696. The testator gives £5000 each, upon trust, for his grandchildren, James Mark Wood junior, and Rosamond Wood; £100 each to his executors, and other small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves between his two sons and daughter Agnes.

The will (dated April 26, 1888), with a codicil (dated Feb. 25, 1894), of Mr. Frederic William Henry Myers, of Leckhampton House, Cambridge, who died on Jan. 17, has been proved by Mrs. Eveleen Myers, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £37,370. Should he become entitled to any money or property under the wills of the Countess of Caithness and the Duc de Pomar, he bequeaths the same to Professor Henry Sidgwick. All other his property he gives to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1899) of Mr. William King, of 11, Queen Victoria Street, who died on June 29, at Wickham Road, Beckenham, was proved on July 27 by

Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce King, the widow, George King, the brother, and John Russell Thomson Robertson, the executors, the value of the estate being £34,183. The testator gives £2200 and his household furniture to his wife; 50 guineas each to his executors; and legacies to his nephews. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third for his wife absolutely, and two thirds, upon trust, to pay her the income thereof for life. Subject thereto he gives three tenths thereof each to his brothers Henry and George; three tenths to the children of his sister Mrs. Emma Wood; and one tenth to his sister Mrs. Susan Griffin.

The will (dated April 13, 1895), with a codicil (dated May 18, 1896), of Mrs. Mary Liddbrooke Hull Martin, of 26, Holland Road, who died on May 19, was proved on July 2 by Henry Fielder Johnson, Harcourt Master, and Thomas Chandler, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £33,457. The testatrix bequeaths £1500 to the West London Hospital; £50 and her wearing apparel to the Hammersmith and Fulham Nursing Association; £50 each to the Chelsea Hospital for Women and the Surgical Appliance Society; £200 to her cousin, Clara Cope; £3000, upon trust, for Edwin Fairchild and his wife for life, and at the death of the survivor of them for her adopted son Thomas Wholey. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for Thomas Wholey for life, and then to the West London Hospital for the founding, building, and maintaining a home for patients suffering from incurable cancer,

where they may end their days of suffering here on earth.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1899) of Mr. Edward Lovejoy, of The Grange, Iver, Bucks, who died on June 17, was proved on July 25 by Mrs. Mary Lovejoy, the widow, Thomas Henry Smith, and William Mercer, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,400. The testator gives Hughenden Lodge, Hillingdon, a freehold house at Iver, and all his personal estate to his wife; and two cottages at Love Green to his sister Emma Margaret Lovejoy. The residue of his real estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for the children of his sister Elizabeth Eldred.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1886), with four codicils (dated Aug. 12 and Oct. 17, 1890, April 29, 1893, and May 16, 1894), of the Rev. Charles William Holbech, Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral, of Farnborough Hall, Banbury, who died on March 20, was proved on July 25 by the Rev. Hugh Holbech, the son, the value of the estate being £19,493. Having already made various appointments of settlement funds to his children, he now appoints £2250 each to his daughters Jessie and Gertrude Lucy; £1500 to his son William Arthur; and £1500, upon trust, for his son Godfrey Charles. He gives £200 and part of his furniture to his wife; £750, upon trust, for his son Godfrey Charles; £2500 to his son William Arthur; £1750 each to his daughters Jessie and Gertrude Lucy; and the residue of his property to his son Colonel Walter Henry Holbech.

**Are you going to make  
a Will?**

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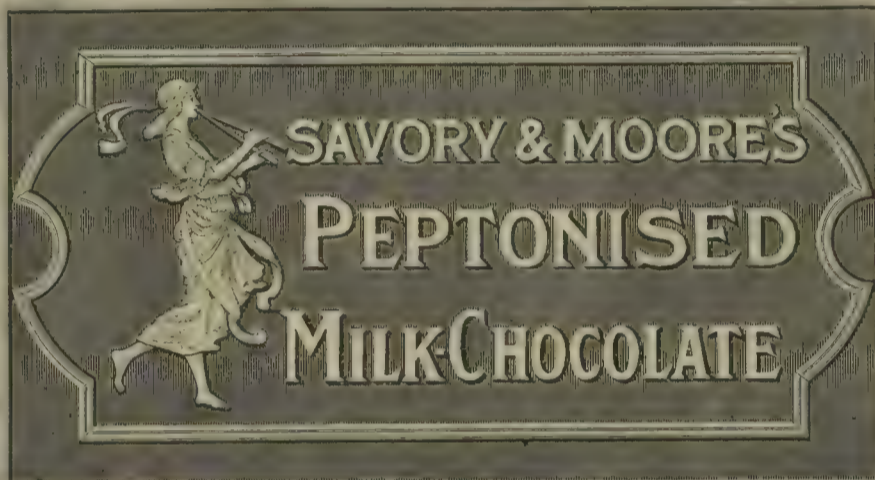
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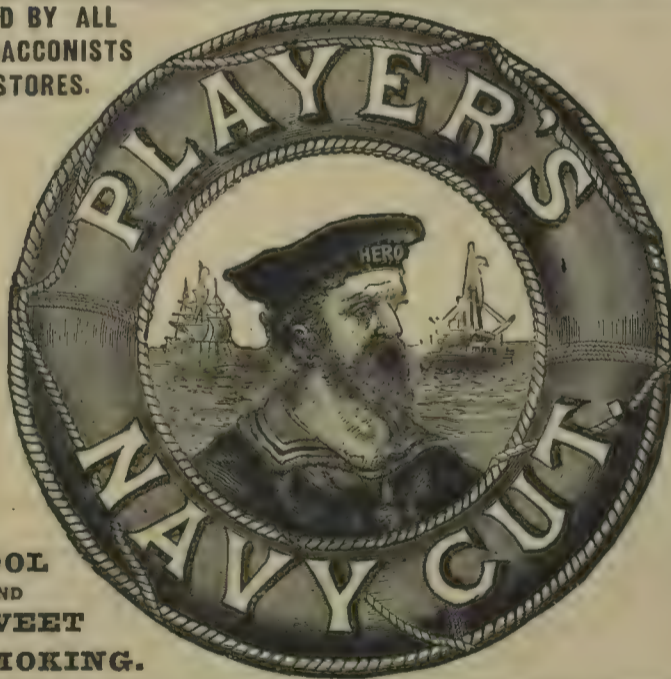
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**"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,**  
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London, who was engaged during the hottest weeks of last month in visiting the Ritualistic churches of his diocese, has now left town for Scotland, where he will take a much-needed rest. The incumbents of the various churches visited found his Lordship kind and sympathetic; but he made it clear that in the matter of ornaments he intends to see that his instructions are complied with.

Very few of the Bishops are at present residing in their cathedral cities. Dr. Browne has left the Palace at Redland, Clifton, for Switzerland, and expects to be absent for two months. The Bishop of Liverpool is taking a month's holiday in North Wales; and the Bishop of Salisbury is in Scotland.

The late Mr. James Clarke, editor of the *Christian World*, had not of late years written much in his own paper. Many numbers contained scarcely a line from his pen. He watched, however, over every detail, and read the proofs of each important article. Although not a writing editor, he was one of the busiest journalists of our time, and it was his custom to be in town five days of the week. His brother, Mr. Herbert Clarke, who was in

charge of the *Christian World* during his illness, will now succeed as editor.

Dr. Weldon hopes to return to his diocese before the end of October. Private letters lately received from India expressed a doubt as to the probability of his Lordship's return to the East, but the Bishop's health has greatly improved during the past month, and he hopes to be quite well by the autumn.

The late Rev. Morris Fuller will be greatly missed in Marylebone. He was Vicar of St. Mark's for eight years, and during that time effected a complete transformation in the parish. The Dean of Hereford, who appointed him in 1893, was rector of the mother parish of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. Mr. Fuller succeeded in gathering round him a devoted membership, largely drawn from the poor streets in the neighbourhood. At St. Mark's a Peer of the Realm might sometimes be seen side by side with an old woman from Lisson Grove. The offertory amounted to about £300 a year, and was largely collected in coppers.

Dean Farrar has taken a country rectory near Bridport, on the Dorsetshire coast, where he has been joined by his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Northcote.

It is hoped that the entire rest of August and September will remove the last traces of Dean Farrar's serious illness.

The *Church Times* comments indignantly on the methods employed in electing the new secretary for the S.P.G. The election is described as "the hole-and-corner ratification of a nomination which certain interested persons in authority have made. No opportunity of free discussion or deliberate action has been afforded to the Society." It is admitted that the Bishop of Tasmania may prove an admirable secretary, but the *Church Times* considers that the officials of the S.P.G. are doing their utmost to repel enthusiasm, alienate support, and weary out patience.

The Right Hon. Sir Michael Edward Hicks Beach, cousin of the late Mr. W. Bramston Beach, who is now "Father" of the House of Commons, was born in 1837, and has been the member for West Bristol since 1885. Sir Michael is the ninth Baronet, succeeding his father in 1854, and is a Privy Councillor, a Justice of the Peace, and High Steward of Gloucester. He has been Chancellor of the Exchequer since 1895. He married his second wife, Lucy, daughter of the third Earl Fortescue, in 1874.

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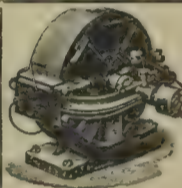
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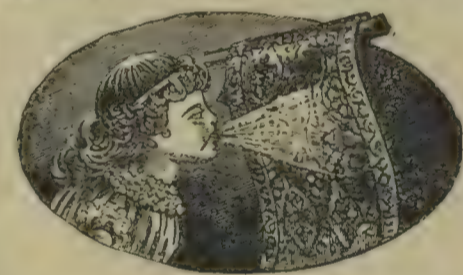
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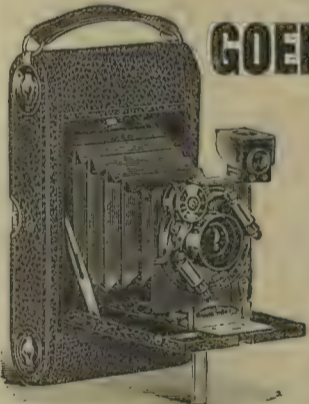
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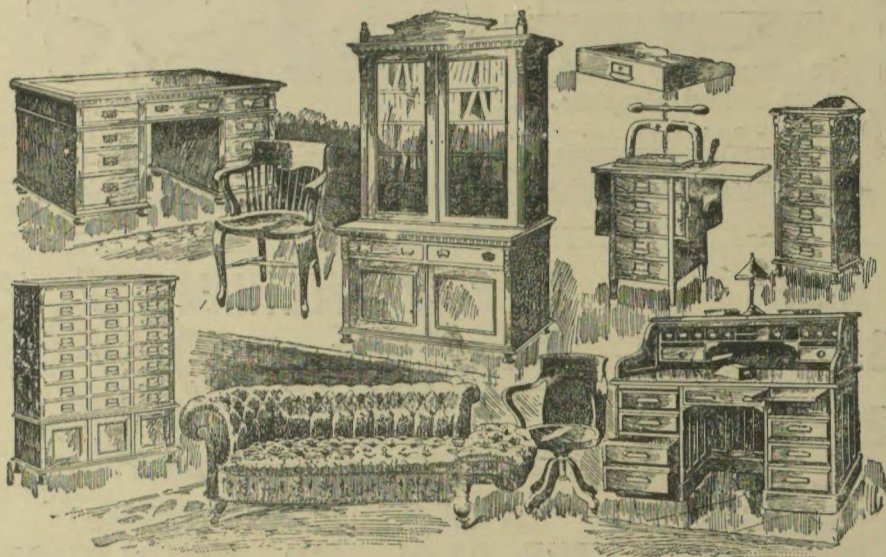
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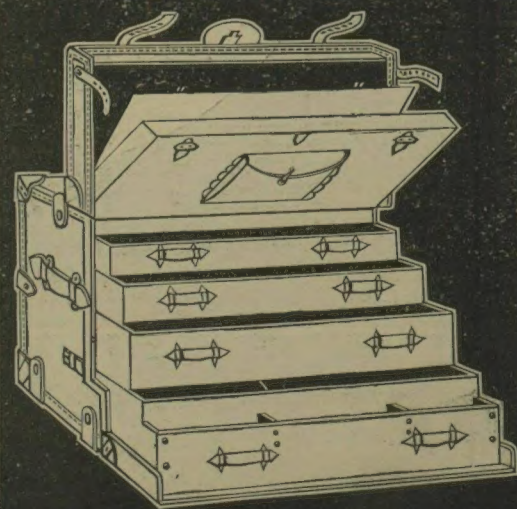
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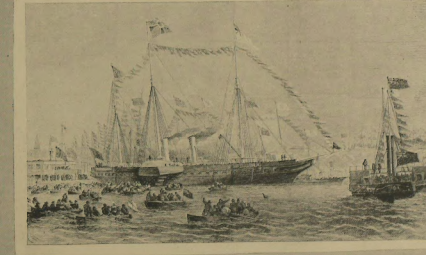
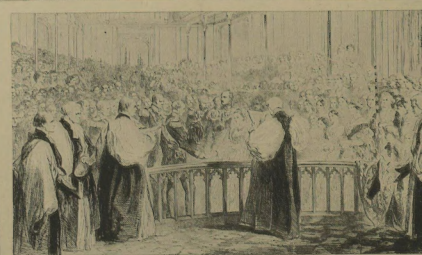
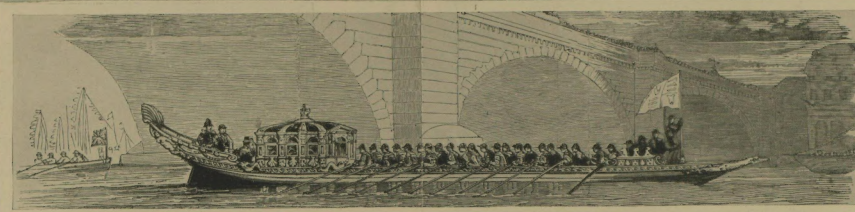


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HER LATE IMPERIAL MAJESTY VICTORIA, EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

BORN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, NOVEMBER 21, 1810; DIED AT CRONBERG, AUGUST 5, 1901.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND HER CHILDREN.

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THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL: THE ROYAL BARGE PASSING LONDON BRIDGE ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 30, 1849.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AS A CHILD.  
*The Princess is in the centre, and wears a hat.*

THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL: THE DEBARKATION OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY, OCTOBER 30, 1849.

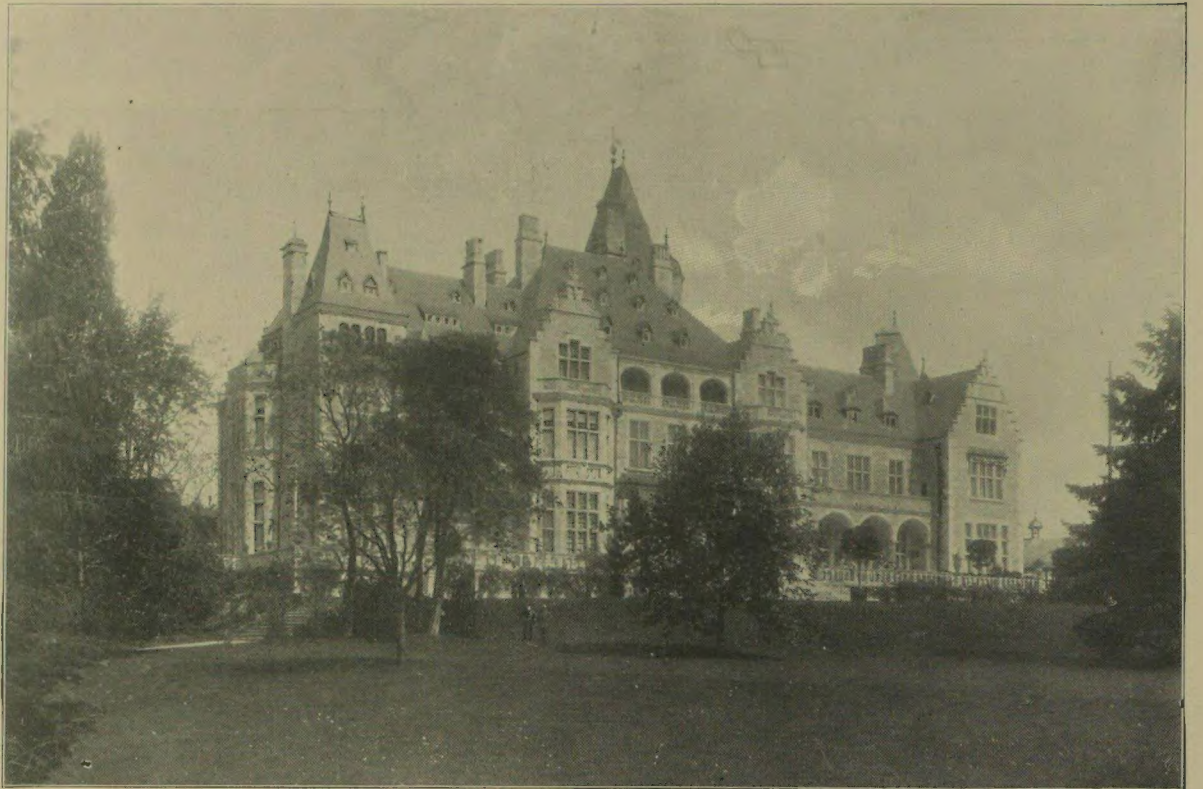
THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE SECOND REGIMENT OF PRUSSIAN HUSSARS.

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT FRIEDRICHSHOF, FEBRUARY 1901.  
THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL: PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA LEAVING GRAVESEND ON FEBRUARY 2, 1858.

THE HOME OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK: THE CASTLE OF FRIEDRICHSHOF.



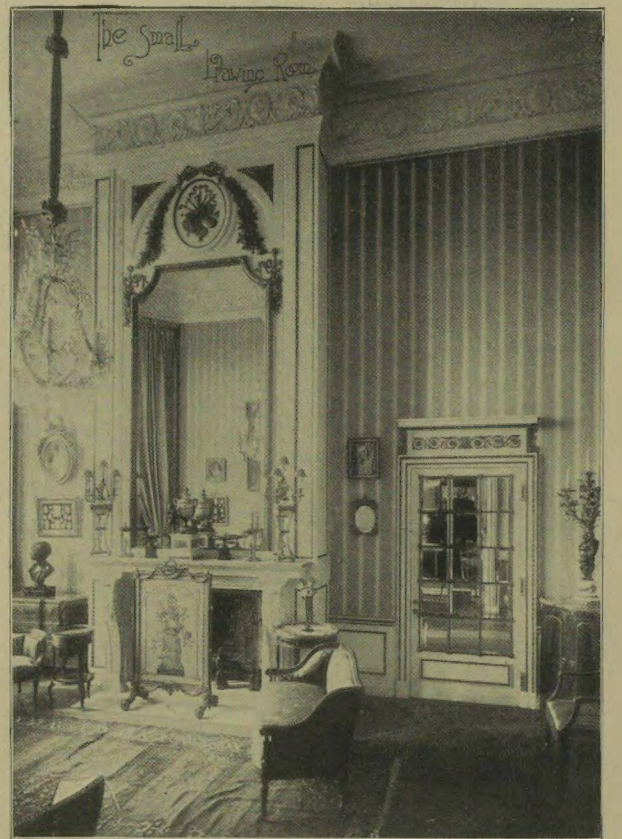
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SOUTH VIEW OF THE CASTLE, FROM THE LAWN.



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